PREPARE TO FACE THE INQUISITION!

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WARHAMMER MONTHLY

INQUISITOR

plus BLOODQUEST • DARKBLADE • KAL JERICO

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

By Khorne, but it's a sad day, Baneblade, I know we've had our differences. Me, a hulking great semi-immortal champion of the Blood God; you, a snivelling goody-goody Ultramarine. But it's all over, I admit it. There's no way I can win against you. This ancient book, carried here by chance upon the currents of the Warp, has proved it to me.

Oh really? *What book? This sounds like another of your foul Chaos tricks to me, you fiend!*

No, by all that is unholy. See, it is a Codex, a collected philosophy and physiognomy of the Space Marine. Within its dusty pages, it says that you in the Astartes have special blood which heals your wounds immediately. Organs to make you immune to poison. And two brains, so that you never have to sleep–

By the Emperor, *you have no business... well, yes, that is correct.*

How can I possibly win against you? I am outmatched at every turn. On the other hand, there is this one thing that must be an error, for–

An error? *The lexicographers of the Astartes would never make an error! Do you disbelieve the eternal Codex?*

No, not at all. It's just this bit about being able to survive in hard vacuum. I mean, look out there, through the portal. It's so black, and cold and airless. Not even Khorne himself could – OOOOF!

Stand aside, *unbeliever. Where's that door handle?*

CREAK! ... CLANK!

By the Ruinous Powers! Baneblade! You are outside, without air of any sort, and yet you live! Well I never! Sorry, what was that? Can't hear you! Vacuum, you see. Try sign language. Let you back in? What do you take me for? Ha ha haaa! For all your fancy extra bits, it's a shame they didn't give you a decent brain. Or two!

Next issue: **THE REDEEMER'S FINAL BOW?**

Inside this comic...

BLOODQUEST

The quest for the sword continues as Leonatos and the Exiles seek passage across the Seas of Blood – and Cloten comes face to face with a mysterious stranger.

DARKBLADE

Trapped inside a deathless city deep within the Realm of Chaos, Malus Darkblade must surrender his soul to its ruler, the undying Dark Prince.

INQUISITOR

The web of corruption around the Matheldas family has spread throughout Nicodemus – but Defay and his pupil, Gravier, are only now discovering just how far that is.

KAL JERICO

Kal is a marked man, on the run from the powerful Guilder Guzman Ludd and his chief henchman, Vandel Feg. But Ludd has a job for Kal – to guide his expedition to find a legendary hoard of archaeotech, the Motherlode.

GAMES WORKSHOP

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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

✲ LETTER OF THE MONTH ✲

• I am transmitting this message as I stroll through the dangerous jungles of Catachan. My brothers and I find WHM is adequate as both a background source and collection of exciting adventures. I love Bloodquest, being a Blood Angels captain myself and am desperately awaiting the release of the second book – a journey into the Eye of Terror! I need to read legends of blood and heroic bravery, on my cold, lonely nights among the stars. I want more blood!

From one brother to another, I would like to take a holiday and join Leonatos and his comrades in their exciting adventure. But no, I have been posted on the heavily invaded planet of Catachan where I am busy, tactically commanding my battle company against a devastating Tyranid horde. My age long battle experience and superhuman, first rate combat skills are valued by Lord Dante himself. I have never lost a sacred artefact in my life. So why does Leonatos have all the best missions, even while he is in exile? Sorry. But by the Emperor! Leonatus is a superb soldier and I always like to check up on his quest.

My chainsword yearns for the blood of Chaos. Yesterday at supper, the Company Chaplain led me to believe that the armies of generals who read WHM will expend. I believe that they would grow faster if the WHM limited models were released the same as normal Games Workshop models.

I must go! A Genestealer unit are approaching from up ahead and looking real mean. Commence evasive action! Die! Die you purple faced scum! Let your blood fill my gauntlet!

— Captain Sir Edward Hennis, legendary Tyranid slayer, Saviour of V'run, Protector of Bakka and Guard of Kota, Essex

✲ Ha! What do you know, worm? That Leonatos isn't so tough! I just bet I could take him with one hand behind my back. And that Cloten. Maybe. Erm, possibly. Perhaps. Well... look, just take this t-shirt and forget I said anything. Move along, nothing to see, move along.

• I think that WHM is a *brilliant* idea. I thought the free issue with White Dwarf was very good. As I am a Blood Angel player I am going to enjoy reading Bloodquest. Even though I collect Blood Bowl and Warhammer 40,000, I am going to enjoy reading comic strips on any of the Games Workshop games. The only thing I am disappointed about is the size. I think you should make it a bit thicker. I would like to see reader's letters, competitions, posters and other cool stuff.

I also think that WHM should be brought out every month so that some people have time to save money after buying sweets and Games Workshop miniatures. I am definitely going to get WHM and I might even subscribe. I know all my Games Workshop friends are going to, people would have to be stupid not to – it's brilliant!

— Liam Hall, Herts

• I think that little maps go down well and that some comic strips should be in colour. I would definitely buy any Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 novels if there were any.

— Huw Jones, Cardiff

✲ Curse you! How dare you write in with such an impertinent comment! Now everyone reading this will think that we put your letter in just so we could mention that the first titles in our new range of Black Library novels are now in the stores! Bah!

• I'm writing to say how much I enjoyed the Black Library Open Day. I was persuaded to buy a ticket on the grounds that it would be a better way to spend the day other than window shopping in Sheffield.

Grahame and I went to the event although Grahame was late and missed the coach. We were both very impressed. I found the gaming to be far more civilised than a normal Games Workshop shop – it's all those teenyboppers with no manners if you ask me! I had a wonderful game of 'Squig Baiting'. The designer of this game told me Jervis Johnson has a copy of the rules and they are being considered for inclusion in White Dwarf. Tell Jervis that he'd better stick them in or I'll feed him to Gobbla!

I thought that the Warhammer World displays were superb and the vast miniature displays awesome – especially the Assault on the Emperor's Palace. I was slightly dismayed that over the course of the day, the Ultramarines' ranks thinned out. The fact that some visitors were stealing models from the displays saddened me. Perhaps an ad should be placed in White Dwarf making people aware that there are some really thoughtless people in the world and even in our hobby. The classic miniatures on sale and the blister packs for £2, as well as the sale of old boxed sets, were an excellent idea and the best part of the day. I managed to get a whole Sisters of Battle army, with Assassin, for under £30. Bargain!

But by far and away, the best thing about the whole day had to be Bugman's Bar. Not only was the food and drink superb (are there plans to Bugman's XXXX commercially; if not, why not?) but the prices were very reasonable.

In short, I enjoyed the day enormously and think that other events like it should be planned. If they are, you can count on the fact that I'll be there!

— Simon Rofe, Sheffield

• A Khorne lord lost in the Warp would like the company of other Khorne followers by the new thing – email. Hmmm? I think Kal Jerico is an excellent comic strip. That Bloodquest bunch heading into the Warp – suicide! I'm glad, good riddance. Hahahahaha!

Darkblade is another comic strip to my liking. It's a shame he has lost his soul to that Daemon – and a Daemon of Tzeentch at that! Souls to Khorne. I hope I can find you again and personally kick Daneblade's butt. We'll meet again, my brave and loyal Khorne Berserker.

— SM Murphy, via e-mail

P.S.: Are you a World Eater?

✲ Well, I don't think I could manage a whole one... Thanks for the kind words, though – which just goes to prove you're not a Chaos worshipping hellspawn like me at all! Begone, imposter! Begone!

Remember, the best letter will win a Black Library t-shirt. You can send great entreaties to the Dark Powers of Chaos to:

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BLOODQUEST
TRAPPED ON A NAMELESS DAEMON WORLD, LEONATOS AND HIS BLOOD ANGEL EXILES ARE SEEKING A MEANS OF ESCAPE AND AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION OF WHERE THEY ARE AND WHY THEY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT HERE.
SO FAR, ALL THEY HAVE FOUND IS ONE EXAMPLE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE MADNESS OF CHAOS TRIUMPHANT!
RAAAAAGH! WHO'S NEXT? WHO ELSE WANTS TO STEP UP AND SEE IF THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO WIN SAFE PASSAGE OUT OF HERE!?
EPISODE THREE
Script Gordon Rennie ✠ Art Colin MacNeil
Letters Fiona Stephenson

ONLY A FEW BERTHS LEFT, AND THE ARMIES OF LORD KHORNE ARE ALMOST AT THE GATES! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD. REMEMBER? LET THE WEAK DIE, BUT THE STRONG CAN STILL SURVIVE!
NOT MUCH TIME LEFT SO WHO WANTS TO CHALLENGE ME AND WIN THEMSELVES ONE LAST CHANCE TO LIVE!?
BAD ENOUGH THAT WE HAVE TO COVER UP OUR CHAPTER MARKINGS, BUT MUST WE SUFFER LISTENING TO *THIS* AS WELL?
AGREED! BROTHER CAPTAIN. I KNOW WE MUST CONSERVE AMMUNITION BUT WOULD *JUST ONE WELL-AIMED BOLTER SHELL* BE TOO MUCH TO ASK?
AND BRING A TIDE OF ENEMIES DOWN UPON YOU? I ADMIRE YOUR SPIRIT, BRAVE SERGEANT TRANIO BUT BROTHER-CAPTAIN LEONATOSS CAUTION IS WELL FOUNDED
HERE ON EIDOLON DEATH IS EASY TO FIND *TRUTH* IS FAR MORE ELUSIVE AND FAR MORE VALUABLE
EMPEROR'S OATH... A DARK ANGEL!

ONCE PERHAPS BUT NO LONGER I AM MAEROTH THE DAMNED AND NOW I SERVE NO MASTER BUT MYSELF
I SMELL THE STENCH OF RENEGADE ABOUT THIS ONE, BROTHER CAPTAIN LET ME DEAL WITH HIM!
AH, THE EVER-IMPETUOUS BROTHER CLOTEN
BE PATIENT LEONATOS, I PROMISE I WON'T CAUSE TOO MUCH DAMAGE TO YOUR PET ATTACK DOG
THAKK
JUST ENOUGH TO REASSURE YOU THAT, HAD I WANTED IT, YOU WOULD ALL ALREADY BE DEAD MANY TIMES OVER!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!
I TRUST I HAVE MADE MY POINT?

YOU MENTIONED A NAME EIDOLON. IS THAT THE NAME OF THIS WORLD?
SO, YOU WOULD RATHER PARLEY THAN FIGHT? A WISE CHOICE.
YES. THIS IS THE PHANTOM WORLD OF EIDOLON. EVEN HERE WITHIN THE EYE OF TERROR, EIDOLON IS UNIQUE. AN ENTIRE WORLD AND EVERYTHING ON IT, EXISTING AS NOTHING MORE THAN MERE PRIZES TO BE FOUGHT OVER BY THE POWERS OF CHAOS.
EVERYTHING, LEONATOS. INCLUDING YOU AND YOUR BRETHREN.
EXPLAIN, RENEGADE!
GULLIBLE LEONATOS. YOUR SHIP WAS DESTROYED IN THE WARP. HOW DO YOU THINK YOU THEN CAME TO BE HERE?
DID YOU THINK IT WAS THE EMPEROR WHO SAVED YOU FROM THE FURY OF THE MAELSTROM? DID YOU THINK THE BLESSED SANGUINIUS WAS WATCHING OVER YOU?
THINK AGAIN, BROTHER-CAPTAIN. THE POWERS OF THE WARP REACHED OUT TO FIND YOU AND BRING YOU HERE. AND THEY DID SO FOR A REASON.

EIDOLON IS RULED BY FOUR DAEMON PRINCES - CHOSEN CHAMPIONS OF EACH OF THE POWERS OF CHAOS - AND THESE CHAMPIONS WAGE UNENDING WAR ON EACH OTHER, THE VERY FACE OF THE PLANET WARPING TO MATCH THE PATTERNS OF THEIR VICTORIES AND DEFEATS
BUT THEY GROW BORED WITH FIGHTING OVER THE SAME SPOILS. THIS PORT HAS CHANGED HANDS A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE AND WILL DO SO A THOUSAND TIMES AGAIN
AND SO THEY SEEK NEW PRIZES TO COMPETE FOR NEW DIVERSIONS TO ENTERTAIN THEM
THEN THEY SHALL FIND THAT THEIR NEW PRIZE' IS NOT SO EASILY WON WE'LL MAKE OUR LAST STAND HERE AND SELL OUR LIVES AS DEARLY AS WE CAN!
BUT, WAIT, THEY OFFER BAIT TO MAKE THE GAME MORE INTERESTING

THE BLADE ENCARMINE IS HERE LEONATOS FIND IT - COMPLETE YOUR BLOODQUEST AND YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE EIDOLON
I ASSURE YOU THERE IS NO OTHER WAY OFF THIS WORLD SAVE BY THE WHIM OF ITS DAEMON PRINCE RULERS
LIES, BROTHER-CAPTAIN! WHO WOULD BELIEVE THE PROMISES OF DAEMONS OR TRUST THE WORD OF THIS RENEGADE SCUM!
THIS IS A WORLD OF THE DAMNED AND I HAVE BEEN TRAPPED HERE TOO LONG FOR MY SOUL TO HAVE SURVIVED UNTAINTED.
ALL I SEEK NOW IS A CHANCE TO HELP THOSE WHO WERE ONCE MY SPACE MARINE BROTHERS TO ESCAPE THE SAME FATE
THEN WHERE IS THE BLADE ENCARMINE RENEGADE?
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS WORLD IN THE CITADEL OF THE LAST AND MIGHTIEST OF THE DAEMON PRINCES OF EIDOLON
TO REACH IT YOU MUST TRAVEL THROUGH THE LANDS OF EACH OF THE POWERS OF CHAOS STARTING WITH THE BLOOD SEA WHICH MARKS THE START OF THE TERRITORIES OF THE CHAMPION OF KHORNE
HEAD TOWARDS THE BLACK SUN BLOOD ANGEL. THAT IS THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE END OF YOUR QUEST AWAITS

SOON...
HAH. WHAT HAVE WE HERE? MORE CHALLENGERS...!?
EAGER TO TASTE THE BITE OF MY AXE BLADE, MAN-WHELP? WANT TO SEE IF YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO GET BY ME?
WITH PLEASURE, CHAOS FILTH.
SLAAATCH!
THIS SHIP IS NOW UNDER MY COMMAND. MY BRETHREN HERE WILL BE GLAD TO EXPLAIN THE SITUATION TO ANYONE STILL LOYAL TO THE PREVIOUS CAPTAIN.
NO COMPLAINTS? VERY WELL. WE'RE CASTING OFF AND PUTTING TO SEA WITHOUT ANY FURTHER DELAY!
NEXT: SEA OF BLOOD!

DarkBlade
BOOK II
Part Six- Night Without End.
Script: Dan Abnett Art: Kev Hopgood
DARKNESS ENGULFS HIM AND THE SERVANTS OF THE NIGHT REACH OUT TO MAKE HIM ONE OF THEM.
FOR MALUS DARKBLADE THERE IS NO PROSPECT OF SUNRISE TO RELEASE HIM.
NO HOPE OF ESCAPE AT ALL.
UNHAND ME, VERMIN! I WILL NOT GO WILLINGLY INTO YOUR ENDLESS VOID!
BEGONE!
BY THE WITCH KING! WON'T YOU DIE?
I HAVE LONG SINCE LEFT DEATH BEHIND, MALUS.

JOIN US, AND LEAVE THE CURSE OF LIFE BEHIND!
GAH!
IF DEATH IS THE ONLY ESCAPE, THEN I WOULD WELCOME IT!
BUT REAL DEATH. NOT THE SHADOW WORLD YOU OFFER!
OH MALUS! DO YOU NOT SEE THAT FATE HAS LED YOU HERE TO THIS DESTINY?
ONCE YOU ARE HERE, YOU HAVE NO CHOICE
RITUAL WILL MAKE YOU ONE WITH US. ONCE YOU HAVE SUBMITTED TO THE DARK YOU WILL MARVEL THAT YOU EVER FOUGHT
FIGHT? I WILL FIGHT WITH EVERY OUNCE OF MY BEING!
SHLOKK!

YOU WILL LEARN THE FUTILITY OF YOUR ACTIONS IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT
HAS IT COME TO THIS ? ALL THE TRIALS I HAVE UNDERGONE IN MY WAR WITH TZARKAN..
THE ONLY POSSIBILITIES I SAW WERE VICTORY OR DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE DEMON
NOT THIS NOT THIS WORTHLESS DOOM
KLANG!
YOU WILL COME TO LOVE THE ENDLESS NIGHT, MALUS WE ARE ALL AFRAID AT FIRST
BUT THE RITUAL IS PAINLESS... A SIMPLE INCANTATION TO MAKE YOUR SOUL ONE WITH OURS
MY SOUL...?
WELL, I AM BEATEN AND BROKEN.. DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

LET US BEGIN WITHOUT DELAY...
...LORDS OF CHAOS AND THE OUTER DARK, PIERCE THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT WITHOUT END BIND TO YOUR WILL THE SOUL OF MALUS DARKBLADE...
SO IT SHALL BE!
WE IMPLORE YOU, DARK ONES! MAKE THIS DRUCHII SOUL ONE WITH THE LIGHTLESS PLACES!
MAKE HIM ONE!
WHAT IS THIS?
SOMETHING... SOMETHING IS WRONG!
INDEED
...UNLESS YOU EVER TRIED TO BIND TO YOUR COURT ONE WHO HAS NO SOUL, PRINCE EZRIEL?
NOOOOO!!!!

AAIIEEEEEE!!!
I WILL CURSE YOU FOR THIS...
I'VE BEEN CURSED BY FAR BETTER THAN YOU
GO, SPITE, GO
TOO LATE

WHOOOMMFF!
HAK... HAK... HAK...!
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE PLEASED TO SEE THE SUN AGAIN NOW THE GUIDING ORB...
THAT FOUL PRINCE LET SLIP THAT TZARKAN DWELT BEYOND THE CRAGS OF FIRE AND ICE SO IT IS THERE I MUST GO IF I AM TO RECLAIM MY SOUL
PERHAPS NOW IN THE LIGHT OF DAY I CAN SEE MY WAY TO-
OH.
NEXT- BLIND

INQUISITOR
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
ART SIMON COLEBY
LETTERS GORDON ROBSON
BOOK ONE: THE TAINT OF NICODEMUS
CHAPTER SEVEN
FROM "THE LIFE OF DEFAY" BY HIS PUPIL GRAVIER
OUR QUEST TO PURGE CHAOS TAINT FROM AN ARISTOCRATIC BLOODLINE ON THE PLANET NICODEMUS TOOK US UP INTO THE FORESTS OF THE TAYLNE RANGE THAT WINTER
THESE ONCE WILD REACHES WERE SAID TO BE TAMED AND WELCOMING TO THE CLIMBER BOTANIST OR HILL WALKER
AND THE LEGENDARY KHURS WAS NOW RECKONED EXTINCT

INQUISITOR!
GAHH!
GET BACK! MASTER! I'LL DISTRACT IT!
THE TAIL, GRAVIER! WATCH THE TAIL!
BASHH!
THIS WAY! HE-YAHH! LOOK AT ME!
COME ON, YOU WRETCH!

WHUCHHT!
DAAH!
A KNURR! MASTER, I THOUGHT THEY WERE EXTINCT!
EXTINCT. OR SO FEW AND SO TIMID OF MAN THAT THEY ARE NEVER SEEN
SEE HERE
.. THIS POOR BEAST WOULD HAVE LEFT US ALONE WERE IT NOT FOR THAT RAGE-ENDUCER WOVEN INTO THE BACK OF ITS BRAIN

IT WAS SET HERE TO GUARD?
OR AT LEAST TO MAKE THESE WOODS UNWELCOMING TO TRAVELLERS
I'D SAY WE WERE CLOSING ON OUR PREY
COME ALONG THE KHURG MAY BE RARE..
..BUT THEY HUNT IN PRIDES
THE DWELLING WE SOUGHT WAS BUT A KILOMETRE FURTHER THROUGH THE FOREST..
BY THEN, THE PACK HAD OUR SCENT..
GET THE DOOR OPEN!
IT'S LOCKED!

SHTOOOM!
NOW IT'S OPEN!
GET INSIDE!
STORM SHUTTERS! THERE MUST BE-
-AHA!
SHLANNG!
TOMAX MARQUIS OF TAYLNE! SHOW YOURSELF!
I AM INQUISITOR DEFAY, CHARGED BY THE THRONE OF TERRA ITSELF TO CAST LIGHT INTO THE DARKNESS!
DON'T MAKE ME FIND YOU!

AN INQUISITOR? YOU ARE AN INQUISITOR?
MERCIFUL STARS! IF I'D REALISED, I WOULD HAVE SUBDUED THE KHURG PRIDE!
A THOUSAND PARDONS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE BANDITS!
OF COURSE... OF COURSE...
THE TAINT, THE FAMILY CURSE...
WHEN I'VE DONE WITH YOU YOU MAY WISH WE HAD BEEN!
DO YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE, MARQUIS TOMAX?
YOU SEE, INQUISITOR, I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, I DISCOVERED THAT CHAOS HAD INFECTED MY FAMILY LINE
I SUBMITTED MYSELF TO THE AUTHORITIES AT ONCE, AND UNDERWENT MANY TESTS AND EXAMINATIONS
THESE DOCUMENTS BEAR THE IMPERIUM SEAL. THEY CONFIRM YOUR STORY. YOU HAVE BEEN TESTED. YOU ARE FREE FROM THE TAINT
THEN WHY HIDE AWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS? WHY THE SAVAGE PACKS OF GUARD ANIMALS? WHY DO YOU MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO SHUN THE OUTSIDE WORLD?
THE SHAME. THE FEAR. THE REST OF MY FAMILY WOULD NOT SUBMIT TO THE TESTS AS I HAD DONE. THEY WANTED THE SECRET KEPT HIDDEN
THEY SAID THEY COULD DEAL WITH IT.
THEY THREATENED ME TO SILENCE. I REFUSED. I TOOK THE MATTER TO THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY, AND WAS TOLD IT WOULD BE DEALT WITH.
IN THE MEANTIME, I FLED HERE IN FEAR OF MY LIFE. I KNEW MY FAMILY WOULD COME FOR ME IF THEY LEARNED I HAD BETRAYED THEM.
AND NOW YOU COME HERE TELLING ME NOTHING WAS DONE. NO INVESTIGATION WAS MADE. I HAVE HIDDEN MYSELF AWAY FOR YEARS AND BORNE THE SHAME OF FAMILY BETRAYAL.
... FOR NOTHING?

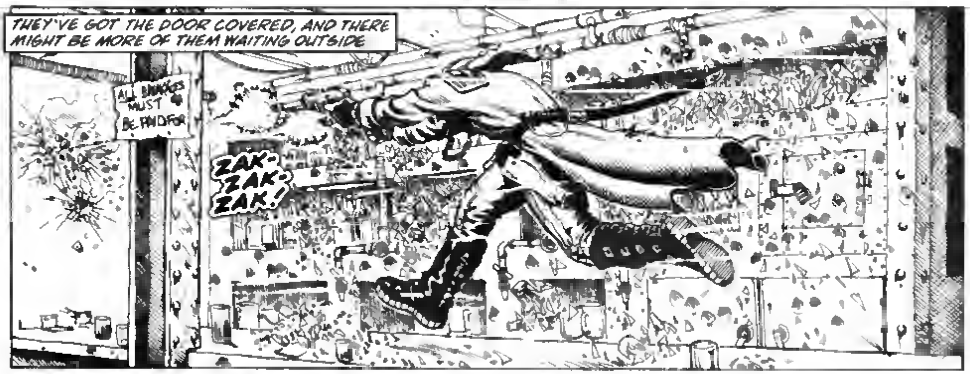
WHO IN AUTHORITY DID YOU TELL OF THIS MARQUIS? WHO WAS IT YOU TRUSTED TO CLEANSE YOUR BLOODLINE?
THE CARDINAL HIMSELF.
SARTHOS
DEAR MERCY!
SARTHOS!
I MUST RETURN TO THE CAPITAL AT ONCE, MARQUIS. I WILL REQUISITION ONE OF YOUR FLIERS.
OF COURSE...
THE INQUISITOR DID NOT SPEAK AS WE BEGAN THE RETURN FLIGHT.
I DID NOT KNOW IF IT WAS BECAUSE OF THE GRAVE DEPTH OF THE CONSPIRACY THAT NOW YAWNED BEFORE US...
OR IF IT WAS BECAUSE HE KNEW WHAT MARQUIS TOMAX, WHOSE HONOUR HAD LEAD HIM TO BETRAY HIS OWN BLOOD FOR NOTHING...
WOULD DO ONCE WE HAD LEFT
EEARGHHH!
TO BE CONTINUED...

JUST ANOTHER DAY IN THE UNDERHIVE SETTLEMENTS OF HIVE PRIMUS
REFUGEES STREAM INTO TOWN FROM THE LOWER LEVELS, FLEEING A NEW SERIES OF HIVEQUAKES AND MARAUDING TRIBES OF SCAVVIES. OUT IN THE UNDERHIVE WASTES, OUTLAW GANGS FIGHT OVER THE RICH PICKINGS
MEANWHILE, AS USUAL IN THE SLIMY HOLE DRINKING DEN, SOMEONE IS GUNNING FOR KAL JERICO--
ZAK!
KRAK!
TING!
FAKKA-FAKKA!
ZAK!
CHING!
FAKKA-FAKKA!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
KAL JERICO IN THE MOTHERLODE

SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE ● ART KARL KOPINSKI ● LETTERS GORDON ROBSON

NOT GOOD. SIX OF THEM, ONE OF ME, AND BOTH MY LASPISTOLS ARE ALREADY RUNNING ON LOW CHARGE
ZAK!
ZAK!

ZAK-ZAK!
THUDDA-THUDDA!
EVEN WORSE. I STILL HAVEN'T FINISHED PAYING FOR THE LAST TIME I GOT THIS PLACE SHOT UP IN A GUNFIGHT.


THEY'VE GOT THE DOOR COVERED, AND THERE MIGHT BE MORE OF THEM WAITING OUTSIDE
ALL DEBTS MUST BE PAID FOR
ZAK-ZAK-ZAK!

FAKKA!
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, A DEGREE OF INVENTION IS CALLED FOR
FAKKA!

YAAAAAAGH...!
BRAKATCH!

THE SUMP HOLE BELONGS TO MAMA KESS. MAMA LIKES ME - IF I'M LUCKY, I MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO PERSUADE HER NOT TO PUT OUT A CONTRACT ON ME.
ASSUMING, OF COURSE, THAT I LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO WORK MY WAY BACK INTO HER FAVOUR!

THEY WORK FOR GUZMAN LLOD, MERCHANT GUILD TRADER, BUYER AND SELLER OF ALL THINGS RARE OR ILLEGAL, AND WELL KNOWN SADISTIC MANIAC.

IN PERSON
YOU REMEMBER VANDAL FEG, DON'T YOU ? HE CERTAINLY SEEMS TO REMEMBER YOU.
=GGHHK--LUDD--!=
AFTER YOU RECAPTURED HIM, I PURCHASED HIM FROM HIS ORIGINAL OWNERS AND MADE HIM MY OWN PERSONAL BODYGUARD
AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE MADE A FEW "ADJUSTMENTS" TO HIM. THE LESS BRAIN-MATTER HE HAS, THE MORE BRUTAL HE SEEMS TO GET !
HHRRRRRR
FEG ! RELEASE HIM !
SNAP
ANOTHER TIME, FEG I PROMISE
FOR THE MOMENT, HOWEVER, MISTER JERICO AND I HAVE SOME UNPORTANT BUSINESS TO CONDUCT TOGETHER...

TWO DAYS LATER. THE UNDERHIVE WASTES--
I KNOW I'M JUST A PLUMB OLD LOWBORN RATSKIN HALFBREED, BUT I RECKON SOMETHING AIN'T QUITE RIGHT--
SURELY IT AIN'T NORMAL TO CHAIN UP YOUR MATES, THEN DRAG 'EM AT GUNPOINT ACROSS THE ASH WASTES TO CERTAIN DEATH?
IN LUDD'S CASE I'D STAKE MY PISTOLS ON IT.
I SEEM TO RECALL THAT MOST OF HIS PREVIOUS BUSINESS PARTNERS HAD AN UNFORTUNATE HABIT OF EITHER FALLING INTO TOX-POOLS OR BEING SOLD UPHIVE FOR SURGICAL EXPERIMENTATION.
I EXPECT MY PARTNERS TO MAKE ME MONEY, JERICO. OR I FIND OTHER WAYS FOR THEM TO EITHER PROFIT OR ENTERTAIN ME.
WHICH BRINGS US TO YOUR ROLE IN MY LATEST BUSINESS VENTURE.
THE MOTHERLODE.. I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT'S WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT--
THAT YOU'VE SHANGHAIED SCABBS AND I BECAUSE YOU WANT TO GO CHASING AFTER DRINKING DEN LEGENDS ABOUT A LOST HABDOME FULL OF PRICELESS ARCHAEOTECH!

FEG! DISCIPLINE HIM!
NOTHING TOO DISABLING, I'M AFRAID!
WHOKK!
THE MOTHERLODE IS NO MYTH, JERICO! I'VE BEEN GRANTED A VISION OF IT. THAT'S WHY YOU AND YOUR COMPANION ARE HERE TODAY.
I SAW A GREAT CATACLYSM. I SAW THE GROUND SPLIT ASUNDER AS THE HIVE FINALLY GAVE UP ITS GREATEST TREASURE. I SAW A CAVERN FILLED WITH WONDERS AND MARVELS BEYOND COUNTING.
AND I KNEW WHAT I BEHELD COULD BE NOTHING OTHER THAN THE MOTHERLODE, THE GREATEST REPOSITORY OF ARCHAEOTECH, THE LOST TECHNO-SECRETS OF THE ANCIENTS, HIDDEN AWAY FOR MILLENNIA!
AND YOU WERE THERE, TOO, JERICO! YOU AND THE HALFBREED, THE UNWITTING TOOLS THAT WOULD GUIDE ME TO MY DESTINY!

"THE RECENT HIVEQUAKES WERE A SIGN. I WILL BE THE ONE TO FIND THE MOTHERLODE, AND YOU WILL BE THE ONE TO LEAD ME TO IT
"IT HAS ALL BEEN PROPHESISED, JERICO...
"SOMETHING WONDROUS IS WAITING FOR US OUT THERE IN THE DARKNESS"
YOU HEAR THAT, SCABBS ? HOW GRATIFYING TO KNOW THAT WE'RE IN THE HANDS OF A DERANGED SPOOK-ADDICT * WITH SERIOUS DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR !
YEAH, AND I AIN'T TOO HAPPY ABOUT THAT "UNWITTING TOOL" BIT NEITHER
*SPOOK - A RARE DRUG WHICH GIVES THE USER PSYCHIC POWERS, INCLUDING THE ABILITY TO SEE THE FUTURE
WELL, I AIN'T NO SPOOK-GUZZLING FORTUNE-TELLER, BUT I GOT A PROPHECY TOO..
"HOWEVER BAD THINGS SEEM NOW, I GOT A STRONG FEELING THEY'RE SOON GOING TO GET A WHOLE LOT WORSE !"
TO BE CONTINUED...